

# Spies Capture Film Screens

By ROSE PELSWICK

ONE YEAR IT MAY HAVE been gangster yarns. And the next the accent may have been on biographies or musicals or Westerns or costume spectacles. For every year has its own film cycles, and no matter how varied the output of the movie-makers may actually be, there's always one particular group of films of similar themes and moods.

Last year, you'll recall, it seemed as though every other picture turned out to be a melodrama that had been given the tongue-in-cheek treatment.

TO NAME just a few of the better ones, there were spoofs of cops-and-robbers chases ("Topkapi," "The Pink Panther"), of nuclear destruction ("Dr. Strangelove"), of politics ("The Best Man"), of derring-do ("That Man From Rio") and, of course, of secret service heroics ("Goldfinger," "From Russia With Love"). Even the Beatles made fun of themselves in their "A Hard Day's Night."

And this year, if we can go by the smoke signals, there's a definite trend toward spy stories. The success of the Ian Fleming thrillers undoubtedly had a lot to do with it, and if the conscientious filmgoer isn't thoroughly briefed on espionage and the lighter moments of undercover agents during the

next few months it certainly won't be the fault of the movies.

This new cycle got off to a good start last week with the Music Hall's new entry, "36 Hours," an intriguing tale that topcasts James Garner as an American Intelligence officer during World War II.

There's no Double O-7 hanky panky in this one, though. The time is just prior to D-Day, and the story revolves about an ingenious scheme of German Intelligence officers to trick the American into divulging vital information about the forthcoming invasion.

Drugged and kidnapped by Nazis in Lisbon, our hero wakes up in what is apparently an American military hospital in Germany and is led to believe by his English speaking doctor that he'd been an amnesia victim for six years. That's all you'll be told here about the goings-on which are developed with a good deal of both surprise and suspense.

ALSO ON the realistic side will be the picturization of "The Spy Who Came In From the Cold." Richard Burton is scheduled for the title role, with Claire Bloom as the feminine lead.

Then there will be "The Ipcress File," not as yet cast. And "Passport To Oblivion," with David Niven as a British operative named Jason Love. Also "The Silencer," first of a planned series of thrillers based on the Matt Helm novels whose central figure is of the James Bond school.

Alfred Hitchcock will bypass his recent psychological studies to do the exciting Buchan novel, "Three Hostages." "Code 7-Victim 5" is due with Lex Barker as a swashbuckling sleuth. "Our Man Flint" will be filmed in England. France's new-wave director, Claude Chabrol, will present Roger Hanin as a Gallic James Bond type in "The Tiger Likes Fresh Flesh." And the original James Bond, as played by Sean Connery, will carry on

in "On Her Majesty's Secret Service."

There's no connection, of course, but while on the subject of cycles you may consider the perennial one of horror films.

A couple of years ago Bette Davis put an ad in a Hollywood trade paper asking for any kind of an acting job. Her appearance along with Joan Crawford in the Shock-er called "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane" brought her back on the screen with a bang. Since then she's done another horror item, "Dead Ringer" and her co-star impersonated an axe murderer in "Strait Jacket."

Now Bette and Olivia de Havilland (the latter replaced Miss Crawford who bowed out because of illness at the time) will soon be seen in a follow-up to "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane," a hair-raiser titled "Hush... Hush, Sweet Charlotte."